ART

By Alexa Suelzer

Freshman at St. Mary-of-the-Woods

The private records of the greatest miniature painter of her day, Mrs. Amalia Kussner Coudert, now deceased, have been received by the St. Mary-of-the-Woods library from Mrs. Coudert's home in England. Although she was not born in Terre Haute, Miss Kussner, as she continued to be known in artistic circles, spent the greater part of her girlhood here, and was well known to many of the city's older residents.

While in Terre Haute, the Kussner family lived in the old State Bank building, now Memorial Hall, on Ohio Street across from the court house. The bank had been erected in 1834, and its upper story had been equipped as a home for some of the bank's employees, so it is not to be wondered at that the Kussners used the building as a home after it had been abandoned as a bank. Mr. Kussner conducted a music shop in the ground floor of the place, and he sold most of the pianos in use at St. Mary-of-the-Woods. As an outlet for the various talents of his three children, Lorenz Kussner outfitted one of the upstairs rooms as an auditorium where the children often gave amateur theatricals. In later days, the Kussners moved to North Seventh Street, part of the site of the present Shrine, and their former home was converted into a secondhand store, whose collection of curios caused the place to be called the "Old Curiosity Shop".

Amalia was the youngest of the three children. Albert, her brother, inherited his father's musical ability and became one of our foremost American composers. His delightful "Moon Moths" is among the best known and best loved of all his works. As children, he and Amalia were inseperable; the story is told that he, to aid her in her ambition to paint miniatures, removed the ivory from the keys of the old pianos in the music shop to provide media for her painting. Whether the story is true or not, we do know that one of her first attempts at drawing was a monochrome of Albert. The composer died six years ago in Florida, but his remains are [illegible] Highland Lawn cemetery in Terre Haute. Miss Kussner's sister, Louisa, was also gifted, for she spent much time in Europe studying voice, finally making her permanent residence in Surrey, England. It was she who sent the personal records of her sister to St. Mary's.

While still very young, Amalia studied art at St. Mary-of-the-Woods for two years under the direction of Sister Maurice, founder of the museum, who died in 1900. Miss Kussner's high school days were spent in the Terre Haute public school, where she gave the commencement address for her class, speaking on "Money lost, nothing lost; honor lost, much lost; courage lost, all lost."

Shortly after her graduation, Miss Kussner went to New York to continue her art work at Madame De Silva's boarding school. On one occasion she left some of her miniatures at Tiffany's for display. The comments of approval they caused led to a position with that firm as staff artist. Her friends, however, advised her to discontinue her services as a general artist and devote all her time to miniatures. The financial reverses suffered by her family in the panic of 1893 strengthened her decision to make her talents profitable. A letter of introduction to Mrs. Theodore Havemeyer, then leader of the New York four hundred, brought Miss Kussner under the patronage of that lady, and it was not long until all New York was clamoring for her services.

At this time Miss Kussner was the leader of the revival of the lost art of miniature painting. When her first group of pictures was exhibited at the New York Academy, the Hanging Committee was so little used to dealing with miniatures that they put them in a basement room with black [illegible] white prints. The artists horror [illegible]ng her work so wrongly classified [illegible] be readily appreciated, and forthwith she took her miniatures down and marched out with them. Nothing could persuade her to return them.

An introduction to English society by Mrs. Arthur Paget in 1896 followed her American successes. Mrs Paget showed some of Miss Kussner's work to Sir John Millais, the great critic, to obtain his opinion. The great man wrote in glowing terms to the young artist, saying that the coloring and exquisite fineness of her work surpassed anything he had seen; but he cautiously added that he feared she would not find London appreciative of her work. However, even greater popularity was in store for her, for after her first portraits of the Duchess of Marlborough and Mrs. Paget, London went mad for her miniatures.

This period of her life is well recorded in the books now in in possession of the library, for they give a fascinating account of her public and private life at this time, as well as a true picture of the age. The two books, beautifully bound in brown and gold suede, contain hundreds upon hundreds of press notices gathered at the height of her career, as well as the originals of her correspondence from members of European royalty. These letters form by far the more interesting collection because of the frequent appearance of notes and invitations from members of the English royal family. The princess of Wales thought highly of Miss Kussner, and the endorsements "Marlborough House", "Pall Mall", and "Kensington" head many pieces of the stationery.

The spirit and dash of her painting, as well as her delicacy of perception, soon won for her the honor of painting Europe's most prominent men and women: Pope Leo XIII, Czar Nicholas of Russia, King Edward VII, and many others. Those who know only the finished miniature cannot comprehend the amount of work necessary before the painting is completed. Brushes, containing no more than half a dozen hairs, make strokes so fine that most of the work must be done under a powerful magnifying glass. Miss Kussner painted entirely from life and was untiring in her efforts to catch the real personality of her subject.

"State of Indiana, Vigo County—ss:

"Personally appeared before me a justice of the peace in and for said county Otis Jones, Henry French, Amos P. Bolch and Jeremiah Raymond, proprietors of the Town of Greenfield, who severally acknowledge the foregoing plat of said Town of Greenfield to be the

---

Members of a Terre Haute family who gained renown in the world of music and art are the Kussner sisters, Mrs. J. Wills Cloud and Mrs. C. du Pont Coudert, whose work and marriage took them to England for residence.

Mrs. Cloud, the former Louise Kussner, developed a splendid singing voice, and made a reputation for herself as a musician. Going to Europe, she resided in London and on her country estate in Surrey, with the winter months in the warmer climate of Africa. A few years ago Mrs. Cloud was presented at the court of St. James.

As a child she and her sister, Mrs. Coudert, the former Amalia Kussner, and their brother, Albert Kussner, now dead, enjoyed acting little plays in German, French and English for the pleasure of their family and friends. The brother became well known for his compositions for piano, violin and harp, and for his symphonies.

5-19-40

Mrs. Coudert began her study of painting as a child of 6 under the guidance of Sister Maurice at St. Mary-of-the-Woods. She continued work in art as she was growing up and as a young girl painted a portrait of Lillian Russell. After qualifying as a miniaturist of first rank in New York city she went to England in 1886, where she was under the patronage of Sir John Millais, and painted a miniature of the Prince of Wales, later King Edward, for Queen Alexandra. Among other subjects of Mrs. Coudert were the Czar and Czarina of Russia, the German imperial family and Cecil Rhodes.

Ind Star 5/19/

[illegible]

INTERESTING LETTER.

From Mrs. Dr. Pence.

Her Account of Art Galleries and Libraries, Westminster Abbey, Gardens, Cathedrals.

The following letter from Europe from Mrs. Dr. Pence, written to her sister, Mrs. L. Kussner is well worth perusal and is intensely interesting:

"Again from the old world to you, my sister, I address this, my second letter. I remember the promise that in my next I would report some of the wonders we have seen and for that purpose scanned my notes but found them so numerous that but for your extensive knowledge of European history I would drop the pen in despair.

Each city of note, and they are many, furnished its quota of interesting items of ancient and mordern data. We were much interested in our visits to, and investigations of the historical fortresses, monasteries, castles, etc. Many of those we saw were built in the long, long ago when war, barbarity and cruelty were rife. Of the mechanical and architectural structure and extensive dimensions of the historical antiquated buildings I need not speak; on history's page can be found a better delineation than I could give. Neither need I describe the mountains, dales and extensive vineyards of European lands; history has made all these familiar to you. But my dear sister, however valuable history may be to educate the mind no writer can portray to the sense the realities witnessed by the observing tourist. Who, may I ask, can daguerreotye to the comprehension of the reader the wonders of painting? The master pieces of painting in the museums of London, Antwerp, Brussels, Berlin, Munich, Paris, and seen at other points in our travels dazzled the eye and astounded with wonderment our appreciation of the grand display. The historian whose pen was not circumscribed to the limits of a [illegible] letter has furnished the world a better description of the paintings by such gifted artists as Rubens, Van Eyck brothers and others less renowned of ancient and modern times than I can give.

But after all, dear sister, though I feel my inability to do justice to the wonderful productions of art, yet the impression, most vividly depicted and indelibly fixed on the tablets of the brain demands a reference. But now where am I to begin? In the immense gallery of Munich are ninety-five selections of Rubens' paintings dazzling in brightness and beauty. His representations of The Last Judgmentand TheFall of the Damned are surprisingly wonderful and beautiful; the gazing beholder is imbued with awe and reverence. The Descent from the Cross by Rubens, in the Cathedral of Antwerp, is greatly admired and conceded the masterpiece of all.

The ignorant and superstitious I am told believe Rubens was endowed by his Maker with supernatural powers. The Spiritualists say Rubens was a medium and the inspiring control gave to his paintings the enchanting tints and shades by focalizing rays drawn by magnetic attraction from celestial spheres. The harmony of color, mingling, changing and interchanging by magic of light and shadow give to those removing the lifeless body of the lovely Nazarine very life, activity and motion. We saw when at Brussels in June a beautiful painting executed by a modern artist, who most graphically represents the famous battle of Waterloo fought on the memorable 18th of June, 1815, within twelve miles of Brussels. The gifted artist is greatly assisted by clumps of trees and artillery placed in front of his work. Thus aided the representation is made so true to nature that one can readily imagine the reality of the terrible scene of carnage and death and becomes first enraptured, then lost in wonderment, amazed, stands aghast on the borders of the battlefield. While gazing—lost to all else—I felt the spasmodic thrill that inspired the soldiers to the daring valor so thrillingly portrayed. By a strange and wonderful optical illusion the blood of the wounded is made to flow in jets and spurts and the victims' faces overshadowed by the horrors of death—staggering—is expected to fall. I listened to catch the shrieks, groans and lamentations of the wounded and dying. I noticed during the reverie that the artillery failed to report and the boom of the cannon in response to the flash of powder was unheard; I aroused to realize the battle was on canvass; that and nothing more.

We were greatly interested in watching the proficiency of the artist whom we saw at work at this place (Brussels), who having lost his arms used his toes to manipulate the pencil and brush. Further remarks on painting, though the subject is not exhausted—comparatively has scarcely had a reference—must close. My notes tell of other matters waiting for the introduction. During our stay in London several visits were made to the British and South Kensington Museums and at each, hours were devoted to excitement, wonder hunting and curiosity seeking. The British Museum monopolizes, to exhibit the extensive selections, eight or ten acres. The interior of the mammoth building is divided into saloons. Each room is classified and filled with its kind, numbered and marked accordingly.

I can only give—space forbidding—a meagre and fleeting account of what we saw. The collections demonstrate intellectual growth, [illegible] cally, socially and religiously from beginning of the world's history to the present. The assortment embraces specimens of the world's [illegible] at various stages of its development from every clime and land known.

Each notable, warrior, priest or potentate, and every character of either sex whose exploits of good or evil, for weal or woe, were of sufficient interest to attract public attention, are represented either by portrait or statue. Armies—statuesque—in deadly conflict—victo [illegible] ern, represented. The Zoölogical rooms are filled with specimens, stuffed or skeleton, of all species that belong to the animal kingdom. Birds, fowls and all of the feathered tribe, snakes and all of the reptile family, fishes, bats, shells eggs, corals and in short each department of all the kingdoms of moving life below man has its representation.

There are of volumes, in the library department, nearly one and a half millions—books that are immense—tomes, which to handle require the strength of a man—specimens of every document, written or printed, ancient and modern, worth preserving has its place on the shelves. [illegible] partments of mineralogy, botany, Egyptian and the Assyrian galleries, and all other rooms, halls and departments are filled to completion. In the Ethnographical saloon we saw selections from our own America, among which were the veritable bows and arrows, costumes and other relics used by the Indians at the time the continent was discovered, also war implements, weapons, idols and other curiosities belonging to savage life found in other countries dating back, away back in the long, long ago. It must for the want of space suffice to say, within its domains are all there is of interest in heathen or Christian lands. At each visit we were intensely interested and found at the close the hours had passed uncounted. We were exceedingly interested in the images of idolatrous worship. At the British and South Kensington Museums are multitudes of gods and godesses—those sculptured from stone, in height were immense—in weight would tip the beam at several tons; being grotesque in appearance and overlarge in size compared strangely with others which could be used as pocket pieces and may have been worn by the adoring worshipper as charms.

The archaelogist with whose explanations we were favored, added greatly to the interest. But more of the gods. Each god doubtless embodied the idea of a Supreme Being and was venerated and bowed down to by the dark and benighted minds who believed they had reached the summit of divine worship, with fervor, earnestness and confidence equaled only by the Christian devotee of this enlightened (?) age. It is clearly demonstratable by comparison that the social and political relations adopted, the artistical and mechanical skill acquired, index the god worshipped. We saw a sample of the houses in which the idol worshippers of theolden timelived—plows and other farming utensils used—dresses and costumes worn—coins that circulated as money and the instruments of war—all indicating the undeveloped brain of the idol worshipper. But after all, in some respects those who adored and venerated the antiquated gods were not a whit behind the primitive Christians, whom they antedated thousands of years. Those who wish not to believe the above, unless they are fossilized, incased in steel and iron bound are advised to remain on the outer walls of the Museums and particularly are they admonished to remain outside of the old historical Tower of London. At the latter place, dear sister, we saw the murderous instruments introduced and most savagely used by the early Christians to punish and torture unmercifully and until death came to the relief, poor, helpless, cringing and imploring creatures of humanity. We saw the cruel thumb screw—the horrible iron collar—the unmerciful scavenger's daughter and the miserable rack. Oh, sister, as I gazed on those horrible implements and recalled the suffering and writhings of the poor inoffensive and helpless persons who were tortured by these terrible appliances, my blood chilled; my soul sank and the tears started involuntarily from my eyes. But I am wandering from the purpose of my letter. Before changing the subject however, I wish to add, it is consoling to know the Christian world proper has progressed since the introduction of those murderous implements, and there is a light shining from above beckoning humanity "onward and upward," But to return, we visited other departments of the Tower where other horrors of the past were recalled. We saw the cell in which Lady

Jane Gray was imprisoned and the little window through which she gazed on her unfortunate husband as the guard passed the cell with the helpless body bound with irons on the way to the beheading block, from which she saw them return with the headless body; then she was taken from the gloomy cell to the little mound in the yard, just outside, and there she, too, was beheaded. The rooms in which prisoners of state and political, were held for the guillotine added to the gloom of the hour. The atmosphere confined within its dismal walls is seemingly loaded with the bewailings of the prisoners, I grew dizzy and faint as my trembling limbs bore me out of the dreary prison cells. We next entered a department filled with crown jewels, bespangled with diamonds, resplendent with richness and beauty, that dispelled in part the unhappy forebodings. We were now conducted to a department filled with figures, dressed in military armor, on foot and on horseback, that was used four thousand years ago. The walls were decorated with swords, bayonets, spears, lances, guns and other war implements, bright and beautiful to look upon—the association of the use for which they were invented—neutralizes the pleasantry. But little, comparatively, of the bloody and cruel history of the old tower is told. I can't compromise my sensitive feelings to a further report—thankfully, I felt, when my visit closed.

Next in order is Westminster Abbey. But what can I say of interest regarding the old Abbey? The great castle is surrounded by numerous chapels, erected in the long ago and dedicated to the worship of a loving and merciful God. The dark and unbroken walls and lofty ceiling supported by large and massive columns looming up near one hundred feet, present a doleful and sorrowful appearance which is increased by the burial of the so-called noble dead whose remains fill the earth beneath the floor. The memory of those who by royal blood are entitled to commemoration, are honored with a figure, full stature, representing the departed one, with arms crossed, face turned heavenward in prayerful mood, rest on top the grave. The most interesting and pleasing features in the Abbey are the splendid statuary and beautiful paintings, much of which might be said and other matter connected with the great edifice and the chapels surrounding it but for the want of space must be omitted; and of St. Margaret's church I can only say that there too we found a charnel house. The interior of the church, like the Abbey, though largely supplied with fine paintings and statuary of kings, queens, saints and lords shed a gloom that made me feel sad. We visited other antiquated castles devoted to worship, but nothing we saw at either increased my veneration for the God I worship. We saw more at Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens of the God I love, than found at any of the old churches, castles or cathedrals.

Hyde Park proper, is separated from the Gardens by the Serpentine (meandering canal). The enclosure contains four hundred acres, filled with flowering beds, pleasant walks, shaded by ornamental trees, &c. The favorite promenades are extensively patronized by the elite and nobility of London. Kensington Palace, in which Queen Mary and Queen Anne died and her Majesty Queen Victoria was born stands near the western line of the Park. But I must now leave the park to briefly notice the beauties of Kew Gardens, six miles west of Hyde Park. The Royal Botanical Gardens gave to Kew, a village located on the right bank of the Thames its prominence in history. On the opposite shore Brentford is located, connected with Kew by a bridge. The Kew Gardens embrace near three hundred acres and within the enclosure are native and exotic plants, flowering beds, shrubbery, ornamental trees, green houses and museums, the most complete, extensive and attractive known to the world. Here we spent many hours most pleasantly. I can't appropriately describe the wonders of Kew Gardens. The hot houses, and they are many, are filled with beauties that enrapture with delight and hold captive the appreciative soul glorified with ecstatic joy. The beautiful plants and brilliant flowers of the tropics were so enchanting that we, regardless of the artificial heat, required though suffocating, remained captivated and delighted; the hours passing with astonishing rapidity. The plant houses are made of iron and glass and are extensive; length three hundred to three hundred and fifty feet, width one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet, hight forty to sixty feet. For sustenance of lilies and other water plants artificial fountains are provided. The ground borders on a beautiful lake on which float several varieties of water fowls. Four grand museums filled with curiosities of vegetable specimens of every variety culled from all lands and climes known furnish selections of great interest. The great Chinese Pagoda attracts no little attention. It is one hundred and sixty feet high. Suffice it to say that it is a place for worship in which statued gods and idols have the supremacy. Good-bye to London. My history though imperfect and incomplete is closed, another theme demands attention. My report now begins at Cologne on the Rhine the beautiful Rhine. In my former letter I referred to Cologne and expressed regrets that want of space prevented a report but would reserve items for mention in the next letter But now this letter has grown so rapidly that I can only make room for brief reference to but few of the many things worthy of notice seen at the old historical post we arrived at Cologne which is the largest Rhenish Province of Prussia on the ever memorable 4th of July; a reminder of free America; I felt like after seeing a fresh Eurepian despotism under Monarchism shouting Glory to the old United States flag as never before. We were most pleasantly entertained at the Hotel Ductord. We saw of course the historical church and its treasures. I refer to St Ursula named in honor of the Holy Virgin of whom you will recall the legends, which report that in the third century St. Ursula procured eleven thousand virgins? whom she courageously lead to Rome and boastingly exhibited the wonderful collection to the Pope Returning on reaching Cologne she and the eleven thousand were put to death by the cruel Huns and deposited in the ground on which the church St. Ursula stands. The bones on excavating for the church were taken up and the inside wall is lined with the skulls and many large glass cases stored in the church are fill with skulls and bones. The skull and bones of St. Ursula portions of the dress hairnet point of arrow with which she was killed and other souvenir of the Holy Virgin St. Ursula were pointed out to us. The church has many statues and paintings also many curiosities, of which latter a part of the tree on which the Saviour was crucified the pot used in changing water to wine at the wedding, 'Galilee' thorns plucked from the crown and a part of the whip with which he was lashed were shown. But right here remarks on the church must close. The great cathedral at Cologne in course of completion, commenced six hundred years ago is a marvel, length 500 feet width of architectural proportion hight of tower when completed 500 feet window glass stained and beautifully decorated of Statues full sized 500 and ten times the number of smaller ones Anticipate the rest.

Before leaving territory bordering on the river Rhine we with others ascended one of her gigantic mountains. For the purpose trained donkeys were secured. The figure I cut when my donkey stood almost perpendicular reaching and pawing for something to fasten on must have been ludicrous in the superlative degree he of course noticed my supposed rightful predicament threw back his long ears I could almost hear him say anchor to those. On reaching the summit over 1500 feet high the splendor of the scenery was indescribably beautiful. The grandeur however was marred by symtathy for the vineyard women The grape vines grow on the hillside. The peasants are seen struggling to climb the steeps carrying on the head or when crawling hitching up a basket of earth to supply roots washed bare. There the poor women by the thousand toil from early morn all day long week after week receiving in return but a small pittance. The poor of Europe are objects for pity and commiseration. Saturday 7 A. M. August 23 we reached Berlin and at 1 P. M. leaving Albert and Louise with friends I took the train for Brussels ostensibly to attend the Brussels International Congress which was called in the interest of free thought and to which through courtesy of New York friends I was delegated Brussels after riding all night was reached the next morning at five o'clock and the first session with about two hundred and twenty delegates present was held the same day at 10 a. m. Intellectually the delegates made a specimen showing of advanced thought reaching through the different nationalities represented. The Congress held two sessions each day. The time not devoted to the meetings was taken up in conferring with delegates and sight seeing. I revisited the fiftieth anniversary of the Belgium Independence which was still in session and of which Albert gave you a very full account when here in June, and of that I need not report farther than to say it was a splendid display though not equal to say it was at Philadelphia 1876. I also again paid the lace manufactures and her visit of which Louise told you perhaps all I could say I must however make mention of the splendid lace establishment controlled by Madam Bovalde Beck. The Madam has under her employ four hundred and fifty women It is supposed to be the largest lace manufacture in the world Of the many lace varietes I give the palm to Point and Duchess which for beauty and richness, supass all, but none lack in splendor. There is however a dark side I refer to the laboring women who produce the lace in which aristocracy flutter and glitter. While gazing on the wonders of lace, I stopped to think of the toiling women whose very life is absorbed and held by the lace. I dropped as I turned away a sympathetic tear for the poor slaves—they are nothing less—who, after working several years to acquire tact without wages, receive but twenty and at most thirty cents per day. Poor women, they have my sympathy. Having finished the work recalling me, I took on Tuesday following the returning train for Berlin. Imagine the surprise on entering the car assigned, to find I was the only occupant, surmising the honor referred to [illegible], I felt, to use a Hoosier phrase, "considerably stuck up." The aristocratic spasm—new to me—was of short duration. I found there was but one passenger to each car—all were equally honored. I was relieved, of course. Arriving at Aix-la-Chapelle, I stopped off to see the sights, and more particularly the tomb of the Christian leader, Charlemagne, who was born, lived and died at this place 814. The legend of him is indorsed by the superstitious. History records, as you may remember, that two hundred years after the death of Charlemagne, the tomb was opened and the Emperor was found seated in perfect preservation on a marble chair gospel on his knee, a piece of the holy cross on his head, his sceptre in his hand and the insignia of royalty on his person. Aix-la Chapelle boasts of having the oldest cathedral in Germany. It looks nice but antiquated. The world's market was supplied for 200 years or more with pins and needles made here and in the district of which Aix-la-Chapelle is the capital. Aix la-Chapelle is rich in historical associations and I do not regret the call, but a further report is inadmissable. I found on arriving at Berlin Albert and Louise sight seeing. I joined in the pleasantry and the few days spent furnished much I would report but it must suffice to say Berlin is among the important cities of Europe. The Spree which is a sluggish stream of 200 feet in width divides the city. Berlin is rich in paintings and fine statuary. Frederick the Great's statue on horseback is the masterpiece of all statuary that we have seen. Calico printing and the manufacture of fancy articles and other industries very extensively engaged in must pass without further notice. On leaving Berlin Schwabach, the home of our childhood was the attractive point which after stopping off at intervening points of much interest, was reached. This, (Schwabach) was made the objective point calling us to Europe, the most interesting part to you, of my letter and lo! the letter is full, what else than extend the limits can I do? Overruling preliminaries I begin. The first thing noticed, and I may say the only thing after thirty-one years' absence indicating progress was demolition of the military town wall, so familiar to us and which was, as a reminder of war, the eye sore of peace loving citizens. Our arrival at the old homestead was looked for, and on reaching the home of our birth and childhood days. * * I stop, dear sister, to wipe the tears away. We were overwhelmed by meeting relations and friends whose tears mingled with ours. The little change since we left failed to obliterate childhood memory. Many things, however, passed from memory, were recalled. Shall I narrate them? Yes, when I get home, a few only can I make room for in this letter which is already extended beyond social limits. You remember doubtless the grocery, confectionery and business houses generally, we, in our youth, used to visit. Oh! how familiar were they, and above all, the homestead, the old mansion, entwining in its associations our first life experiences; all, with the exception of being worn by advancing years and change of proprietorship, were the same. Unlike Terre Haute, nothing new in improvements, with the exception of removing the old town wall and extending a few streets, is noticeable. The graveyard, alone, has increased in population. In the old cemetery, in addition to the many new graves bearing the names of relatives and familiar friends who have passed away since you and I were here, I found among the old graves—shall I tell you who?—yes, when the tears are brushed away. Oh! sister, you know I refer to our beloved sister, whose dear body was placed in the tomb just before we left for the so-called New World. As I watered the grave with my tears, the long bed-ridden sufferings she patiently and resignedly bore, were recounted. And I thought of father's long tedious sickness, which, by reducing our financial resources, gave us a home in America. During this reminiscence a consoling thought to heal reopened wounds came. The fact that no one could say our family left behind them unpaid debts consoled me. You remember, dear sister, when father decided under protest of relatives and friends to dispose of all, if need be, to pay honest debts, how badly we felt? But now I realize the honest purpose of our parents, which brings pleasant thoughts; since, by doing so, the last cent was paid and they ever holding aloft the motto *necede malis*, homes protected under the stars and stripes were secured. But enough of the old home, once so dear to us, but with the exception of early associations has lost its charms, and of the family record I need not say more. On leaving Schwabach, Paris by way of Munich was the attractive point. We stopped at Munich one week and saw many curiosities, varied and interesting, much of which you are familiar with, and all I pass in silence. Many other towns and cities on our way to Paris received our attention, but only a limited few can receive notice. Among those I must briefly refer to is the "Passion Play" recently introduced, which we witnessed enacted at Oberamergan. Fve thousand peeple were present, America being largely represented. The characters pointed to the meekness of the Savior, whose Divine attributes under the most trying and distressing circumstances most resplendant in affectations, drew tears from all within observing range. We paid our respects to the historical palace, "Wallhalla." I wish I had left some things unwritten, and filled the space in recounting the palace, but it is too late now. Frankfort-on-the-Main, with all her nice fountains, museums, galleries, and the Golden Bull, presented in honor of rights and privileges achieved by military power, must go by in silence. But I must mention Worms on the Rhine, the oldest city of Germany—the home of Luther, the German reformer, of whom many interesting legends are told. I will retain them for home amusement. We had a perilous adventure with a drunken hack driver, who, lost to all sense of danger, dashed down the mountain, passing over narrow guages with deep and frightful precipices on the margin yawning to receive us. We prayed on the way and rejoiced on reaching the valley. On crossing territorial lines, the mock examination for tobacco and whisky passed at Liverpool was reenacted. Since my experience in the searching business, I exonerate the custom house officer of Liverpool, at whose supposed silence I was almost insulted. Unless the subject for examination is suspected, the examination is a farce. The experienced lady tourist understanding this, when told to show the teeth, stick out the tongue or permit a sniff of the breath, accepts the demand as a compliment, and dropping a courtesy with a smile passes on. Adequately, physiognomy tells the officer the applicant is unsuspected. But to resume. We are now at Paris, our face turned homeward. We have since our arrival visited many points of interest. I have only room to mention those most prominent, among which are the Louvre and Palace of the Tuileries, Zoological Gardens, museums, paintings and statuary. But can I make room for more? Yes, I must say we were rejoiced to meet in Europe Mrs. Claussen and other Terre Haute friends. More of our travels I can't report, for now, dear sister, I must close, although but little of what we have seen during our six months' visit has been told. Suffice, the sights, experiences and adventures of the Hoosier tourists have made a history in the life of Albert and Louise more valuable than gold. On the 6th of November we expect to take the ship at Liverpool for home, and, oh, that no obstructions to our homeward march may intervene is a most anxious hope. Now, dear sister, relatives and friends, I close with the prayer lingering on my trembling lips that I may on return find all well and asking God and angels to guard and protect. I am, as ever, your sister,

LOUISE.

Dec 17 - 1939

NOTICING the other day where Christmas and the holiday season bri a rush of adoptions at the famous Cradle in Chicago, I asked Su Ernest G. Alden, of the Chauncey Rose School, if they had any such e perience; if the Christmas season prompted a surge of parental feeling, and if the childless couples at this time of year think more of adding a child or two to the family. He said:

ON MEMORY'S PAGES.

"Yes, that is true. The Christmas season is usually marked by an increase in inquiries, and the sentiments of the season prompt people who are without children to change their childless existence."

Mr. Alden told of a recent interesting reunion at the home. He said:

"Recently the Chauncey Rose School was the scene of quite an unusual occurence when three women, who had been charges of the school, came on the same day from different sections of the country, neither knowing the others were coming.

"Mrs. George Philips lives in Royalton, Ind., located north of Indianapolis, and is fifty-four years of age. Mrs. Jo Marinan, who lives in Cleveland, was fifty-five years of age. M George A. Fuller lives in Torrington, Conn., and she is sixty-seven yea of age.

"My father was superintendent at the time the three were at t school. But I remembered them, although I was only a youth.

"All three chose motherhood as their careers. Their conversati when they met reverted to the humorous and serious incidents that h occurred while they attended the school. Each was eager to kno about the old girls and boys. The expressions of 'Do you rememb this' and 'Do you remember that' entered quite frequently into the co versation.

"The enrollment in those days was about the same as it is toda Our population has fluctuated from time to time. Last year our pop lation was ninety-two, and this year it will average about eighty-eigh

"Mrs. George A. Fuller, wanting to feel that she was doing som thing for some particular child, is giving presents to a girl here.

"Just last week we had a visit from Howard Meginnis, who h been with the New York Central in the east for thirteen years. H wanted to go everywhere around the school.

"Frank Gehman, who entered the institution the first day it opened Sept. 4, 1884, 55 years ago, came to visit the school last week. He w here during my father's time.

"Curtis Johnson, who lives in Dallas, Tex., called to see us. He forty-five years old, and owns a third interest in Macatee, Inc., deale in builders' supplies. He is the engineer of the concern.

"I journeyed up to South Bend last summer to see Ben McCullo associate professor of mathematics at Notre Dame University. He r ceived his doctorate at Chicago University.

"Richard McPheron is instructor of physics in Lane Technical Hi School in Chicago. We have our coal contract with his brother, Ralp We are always so glad when we can place orders with our old boys.

"Both boys and girls take an interest in the development of o dairy and dairy herd, and there is any number who could pitch rig in and do the work should any of the hands be ill.

"Right now we are holding quite a few children for relatives. The have been deaths in the families, and these children are awaiting rea justment of their family life. I believe this is one of the most valu functions which we perform.

"Here is a little story for you. Some days ago a gentleman r turned for a visit. He is now a minister, and has a good charge. H said: 'Mr. Alden, did they ever catch the culprit some years ago wh stripped the grapevines of all the growing grapes, and left them on th ground?'"

"I said, 'Well, I don't believe we ever did.'

"He said, 'Well, you are looking at him right now.'

"Many years have passed since that incident, and I can say tha the then unruly boy has often demonstrated his generosity to the hom in many ways."